J. WISE HAGINS, Editor and Publisher

A NEWSPAPER DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF EASTERN KENTUCKY.

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Volume VI.

Jackson, Kentucky, Friday, June 7, 1907.

Number 32.

The Star Store

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Has just received a new and pretty line of

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For ladies and misses and offer you the opportunity of choice in many styles of hats and bonnets of the first quality at low prices.

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Carpets and mattings just received in the last few days. They're beauties at bargain prices.

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We can satisfy the wants of any Man or Boy when in in need of Clothing, Shoes, Hats and Furnishings.

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COLLECTIONS A SPECIALTY

Beckham's Dilemma.

W. H. Brashear, of Bowling Green, Ky., in a communication to the Louisville Herald, says:

The Court of Appeals' decision ousting the Louisville "gang" from office fraudulently gotten, and adding that "a person who accepts a stolen public office is no better than any other thief." must be exceedingly embarrassing to J. C. W. Beckham. For, as all the world knows, the iniquity of the Democratic machine in 1905, com pared with that of the same organzation of 1899 and 1900, is a tallow dip beside the effulgence of the noonday sun. The principal beneficiary of this monster fraud family. -to say nothing of the corruption in the State election of 1903-was J. C. W. Beckham.

And now to make Mr. Beck ham's position doubly embarrass ing, the said court decision places upon the shoulders of the Governor the duty and responsibility of appointing men to take the places of these ejected fraudulent office holders. If he appoints men really worthy of the office he will go against the machine-a combination of politicians to which he owes all that he is politically to-On the other hand, if, in order to Creek. retain the allegiance and support no better than himself, men who at the lower War Creek school have willingly accepted stolen house Sunday. public office, he shall then have offended and alienated the public. So there he sits, tremulous, dazed, bewildered, between the devil and the deep sea, where the court decision has left him-damned if he does and damned if he does not. Truly, his is a piteous plight, turned from the hospital and was Verily, the way of the transgressor able to attend church Sunday. is hard, but possibly not excessively or unjustly so. Let the good work go on.

swing. I sell both. JONES.

Boxer.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Graham, on May 24th, 1907, a girl-Golden.

and lovely. In the beautiful month of May, Our friends were called to gather On the evening of the 24th day:

Our home was first made happy By the presence of a baby gerl. Saturday. Her visit seems a pleasant one, As she gazes at scenes of the world.

We have scoured pages of nor seeking for our little one

On the tenth day of its at Others suggested names, we are Etc. R. Evans, of Elkatawa, will no more withholding.

And the Baby's name is Golden. invited.

Oakdale.

Mrs. Mina Bryant is on the sick Uncle John Vires is not expected

Keenis Bryant had a corn hoe-

Win Spencer lost a fing un-week with \$20. Paul Words, of Jett's

visited H. Sunday. Dr. O. H. Sws of Jackson, vas here Saturday, Alling on the

Miss Lizzie W. Who has been away to school to resurned

tism, is better.

John Hurst, wasky gune he distillery here, is Henry, in Garrard county.

James Henry, of Garrard county, who has been making whisky as Mrs. Russel for Spencer Brothers, has returned health.

their son rnd daughter at Jackson urday, the ball aking effect just date line of shoes which I will to please his wife. Mary, apparently Wednesday. Whiskerbrier. under the pater and lodging in sell cheap. Jones' Store.

Oakdale.

Brice Cundiff is visiting relatives n Wolfe county

Steve Coldiron attended the com mencement at Hazel Green.

James Mann made a business trip to Jackson this week. The distillery at this place has

shut down until September. Dick Crawford and son made business trip to Athol Monday.

Master Ova Crawford, son of Mr. Jones and family, of Tallega, are visiting W. S. Mann and

ast week.

Will Maloney, of Frozen Creek visited his daughte M. A. Spencer, this week.

W. F. McGuire, merchant at this place, visited one of the fair sex at Hazel Green last week.

Misses Margaret and Emma Crawford, of Jackson visited relatives and friends here last week.

Mrs. Polly Forbes, of Jackson, day, and to which he can only and her sons, Robert and Archie, look for all that he hopes to be, are visiting relatives on War

Arch Jett, of Owsley county, visited the family of F. M. Jett, and was also a guest at Dick Crawford's Saturday.

Mrs. W. D. Cundiff is much improved in health since she re-

Richard Herald, of Herald, passed through here last week on ings in a nice hammock or lawn ne goes he tays a mile time. FATTY FELIX.

Herald.

Ed Terry was here last Thurs- murder.

W. M. Terry, of Tarkey, visited B. H. Herald Saturday. Sim Jets and Clay Crawford, of

Athol, were here Monday. Mrs. B. H. Herald visited her

disses Maggie and Adie Herald

the guests of their uncle, ex Herald, Sunda

returned home last Thursday.

Puncheon Camp, rear Breck Herald's, Sunday, June 9. Everybody BLUE BELL.

Quicksand.

Breck Combs bassed through Mike Robison went to Richmond

last week on bus Wm. Sewell h stop with Winnie

Hotel, when it lemot

en route for Hazare L. D. Howard Creek last Satur

sheep to take to visiting relativ Some of the

were here nine killing on Rev. James Hudson and Mrs.

Alfred Thar of Smiths Branch,

the ankle, where it was removed | by Dr. Hogg.

We would like for Judge Taulbee to make us work one road and let somebody else work the others, as we think it is not fair for us to be required to keep up two roads, but of course we have not got anything to do but work.

We had a nice Sunday school last Sunday, with about forty in attendance, with Miss Hattie C. Kraul as superintendent. It will be better from now on, as we have brought her hand down upon the plane Dick Crawford, is on the sick list. not had any school for several keys in a crashing discord that made Sundays, owing to the absence of him shiver and set his teeth. Present-Miss Kraul. The following officers by she seated herself in a low chair at door, and Jack Burnet appeared in the were elected: Miss Kraul, superintendent; Sam Frazier, assistant lant face as she bent over her fancy Miss Ibbie Jett visited relatives superintendent; John F. Frazier, work and friends at Ath. and Monica secretary; Clay Wadkins, assistant reading secretary, and Gertrude Cardwell, looked over the top of the paper at his treasurer. We would be glad to wife see some of the smiling faces from Jackson here in our Sunday school. We are able to furnish you a thought he was relenting. toothpick and a glass of water, so Why. I've wanted one an in the toothpick and a glass of water, so When I was a little bit of a girl I had come on and don't be afraid but what you'll be treated elever, if too old for that I used to dream of the

> Don't buy shoes and clothing until you have inspected Jones'

NED.

P. C. Napier made a good tie Rev. W. M. Miller, of Estill drive on the recent tide. It seemed it. of the machine, he appoints men county, preached an the sermon that it would be impossible for booms to catch ties on account of the second rise, but it is reported on Tenth street has hands that are big that nearly all were secured.

> The only child of Wm. Campbell died last Sunday, leaving the He can afford it," smiled John, looking father and mother in a seemingly dejected state to mourn for their how long he was going to be able to them not to be discomforted, for their little child was in the care of on the table, looking at his wife closea God that could save.

his way to Hazel Green to see his passed over this vicinity on hear- after a minute. "You're a good deal of or of the supposesseria 120 gan Sizemore and John Haddix, in which Haddix was killed, and ting prices murderously. And we have ting prices murderously. And we have He stammered, "But the ring"—
Sizemore lodged in the Hazard heavy expenses too. I don't know how.

"Take the ring back," she said, "are

> SHOES, SHOES, SHOES, CHEAP, CHEAP, CHEAP, JONES, JONES, JONES,

Clemons.

L. M. Clemons was out in the chicken hawks, a whistle hog and a crow without firing a single shot.

Ed Wilson and Cordelia Clemone were married last week at the And other literature of fame.

Miss Maggie Herald, who has bride's home, Rev. M. D. Richie officiating. The groom's mother, To find an appropriate part of the fast two weeks, Mrs. Bettie Wilson, how has two Larkins for sons-in-law and two Cordelias for daughters-in-law in her family. UNCLE HENRY.

Puncheon Camp.

William Gabbard is attending court at Jackson this week.

Mrs. Flint Miller is visiting her parents, Will and Sallie Gabbard. Floyd Little, of Elkatawa, had the pleasure Sunday of enjoying the company of one of our fair "I wouldn't want him to hear his fa-

sex for the first time. Floyd said ther talk like that to whirled from the room. of he was delighted with his visit. ranch last week After his departure it began to

Misses Sarah and Clara Callahan, Emma Anderson, Julia Gab-bard, Tymanda Gabbard, and Granville, Floyd and Logan Little, for over an hour, and as he came out Arch Holland, John Robinson, into the reception room John said: "I'll Tom and James Gabbard and Ches- it back tomorrow. The fact that you ter Gabbard visited Mr. and Mrs. aren't married makes it easier. Saturday John D. Gabbard Saturday night wouldn't want any other woman to and participated in an enjoyable know.

Dr. E. O. Guerrant is having a college built on Puncheon Camp. John Brent knew well passed through He held a meeting last Sunday under a big tent and a large crowd and applied themselves vigorously to Buddy Russel went to Jackson was present. About \$500 was sub- their work. They could not help hear last Sunday to posult a physician, scribed towards the building and seems to be in bad Breck Herald donated four acres ensuing conversation was too low to be of ground upon which the building heard. will be erected. YOUR PAPA.

Keen Bryant and wife visited shot himself addentally last Sat- I have bought a nice clean up-to- to the waiting dinner table without

His Desperate

By CECILIA A. LOIZEAUX.

"I tell you, Mary I cannot afford it

and 'that's all there is to it." John Brent unfolded his evening pa per and held it under the light, which was shaded to an artistic dimness by many ruffles of crape paper. His wife the other side of the table, the soft doorway. light falling full upon her pretty, petu-

John Brent forgot that he had been reading the political editorials and

"What makes you want a diamond ring, Mary?" he asked gently. Her blue eyes brightened.

one with a glass set, and when I grew time when I would be old enough to be engaged, so that my lover would get

"You should have chosen a richer 'over," said her husband, with a tinge of bitterness. "Young hardware merchants can't quite go at the diamond

His wife hardly heard what he said. She stretched a dimpled white hand out across the table and was admiring

quetry, "it's pretty enough for diamonds, isn't it? That Mrs. Burrows and red. She has one diamond as big as a robin's egg-almost."

"Her husband is a saloon keeper at the dainty hand that lay in his rough palm. He was wondering just little child. John H. Combs told keep it from doing any work, hardly considering the diamond question Then be put it gently down and leaned

"Perhaps I haven't told you so that A gloomy wave of melancholy you fully understand, Mary," he said n child about some things, and you it. He told me he continue only, but the first a time. It is in the continue on it is a time. For kind big one in the city, and they are cut-thief." She appealed to

but we manage to eat and drink and wear almost more than we can pay

for. And then there was the hospital bill, as well as the doctor's. It took months to pay those."

"I suppose you wish it had been a funeral bill," said Mary sulkily. "Mary! Don't you dare to say such a thing again as long as you live! You shall not twist my meanings in that way. Can't you be a little reasonable? too shabby to be lived in, though the woods last week and killed three things we had bought when we were married seemed very fine to us at the

time, and it wasn't so very long ago." "We were awfully green," she said. "Well, you've got over the green ness," said her busband dryly, "And the rugs and furniture and hangings have not yet got the last payment, and the furnace needs fixing, and the house needs painting. We must go slow, lit

tle girl." Mary Brent's lips quivered for a mo ment, and then, hiding her face on her arm, she sobbed like a spotled child. Her husband was first sorry, then angry. This was too childish.

"The trouble with you and all the rest of the women like you is that you haven't enough to do to keep interest ed. You sit around and think of yourselves until you believe you are mar tyrs, when a little work would be bet ter for you. It isn't all your fault, though," he added slowly. ", one baby had lived you would have been more grown up.

His wife sprang to her feet. "I-I'm almost glad he didn't live," she sobbed. ther talk like that to me." And she

John Brent spent a wakeful, uneasy rain and he got his store clothes had found a solution. He ate his lone breakfast-Mary never got up to breakfast any more-and went down town early. During the forenoon he went over to the office of Jim Reade, the most prosperous attorney in the

> went straight into his private office and called up the police station. Withing the burst of laughter that came from the office, however, though the

> That evening John Brent went home a little later than usual and sat down

times, sat opposite to him, dainty and pretty in her pale pink house gown. The dinner table was attractive and daintily set, and Nora, in a clean white apron, lumbered awkwardly around the table serving the simple dinner.

John seemed to be very nervous. He ate little and kept glancing furtively at his wife, who was seemingly indif ferent, but who knew the signs and thought he was about to present her with a peace offering. She wondered what it would be.

They had reached the pudding and Nora had retired to the kitchen when

the doorbell rang, and John started to his feet as if he had been expecting

"Come in! Come in!" cried John beartily, a trifle too heartily, his wife thought. She wished John would not

associate with this class of people. "Sit down and have a bite." said her husband, and she was forced to echo the invitation, though she felt greatly relieved when the man refused. He leaned over the back of a chair, seeming at a loss how to begin. His feet shuffled nervously.

"I-I just dropped in," be stammered. "Fact is, I'm working on a case. Can see you alone, Brent?"

"Oh, fire away!" said Brent. "My wife would find it out sooner or later.' "Well, some one stole Jim Reade's diamond ring this morning. They got me working on the case, and I've got to do my duty.

Mary Brent, looking across the table with a sudden, lurking fear in her eyes, saw John's hand make a sudden involuntary movement toward the breast pocket of his coat. She turned "Of course you must do your duty."

tried to look unconcerned and natural, but something clicked in his wife's throat, and she was not surprised when the detective laid a hand heavlly on her husband's shoulder. "John Brent, I place you under ar-

said John. "Who is the thief?" He

rest," he said solemnly, and then, "I hate to do.it, John." "I'll get my bat and come with you," said Brent, rising. "Mary"-"No, you won't," she interrupted, running around the table and standing in front of him. Then she steppe back and put her hand through John's

tive, her small face very pale and her blue eyes flashing "If any one has to go I will. It isn't his fault; it's mine. I I made him de

arm. She looked steadily at the detec-

thing to Mr. Reade you arrest John ar who it was. Oh, ple

the ring, John," she begged.

John drew the ring from his pocket and threw it down on the white cloth. She picked it up and handed it to the other man.

"I don't ever want to see a dla again as long as I live," she said, be looked back once as he red door and then hastily let him

"Gee!" he said to himself as he wen up the street. "It was a mean trick to play, but it did the work. I'll bet that by tomorrow morning that little wom-an will be thinking she'd rather darn his socks than make tidies!"

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